

THE MANAGER'S WIFE

"Fifty the woe of a hotel manager's wife who lives in the same hotel that her husband manages!" drearily exclaimed the wife of the manager of a Washington apartment hotel to a party of women friends the other day. "The women guests carry all of their grievances to her, and take it out of her. My apartment has become a sort of sick bureau, to which all of the women in the house instantly repair when things around the hotel don't go to suit them."

"You remember how muddy the Potomac water was a while ago? Well, the filtering plant at the hotel my husband manages, and at which I live with him, because he doesn't like housekeeping, was temporarily out of order during that spell of muddy Potomac water, and it seemed as if every blessed woman in the hotel to whom I had been introduced rushed to my apartment to hold me personally responsible for it."

"Way, I wouldn't even have my dog in such looking water!" half a dozen of them told me, with the sourest imaginable faces.

"I told them that I knew the water was muddy, but that I myself had to bathe in it or go unattended, but that didn't appease them in the least. I didn't want to be rude, and I couldn't come out plainly and tell them that the muddiness of the Potomac river was a circumstance over which I had no control, and that the break-down of the hotel's filtering plant was a matter that was none of my business, anyhow, and so I just had to sit and listen to their wails and do the best I could to comfort them."

"The bluefish at dinner the other day wasn't exactly up to the mark. Five of the women guests hustled right straight to my room immediately after the meal."

"Where did the house get such dreadful fish?" they asked in chorus.

"I told them that the fish had probably got to the chef accidentally."

"But it hadn't ought to get by him!" they all but shrieked. "There ought to be somebody to see that such fish doesn't get by him!" and from the hard glances they bestowed upon me it was perfectly obvious that they thought that I ought to be that somebody. I couldn't tell them that I had absolutely nothing to do with the management of the hotel; that I had never even set foot in the kitchen, and that I had no more to do with the fish at dinner than they had."

"The hall outside my door hasn't been swept this week!" an exceedingly testy old lady hurried into my room to tell me right after I had had my breakfast in my room the other morning.

"Have you seen the housekeeper about it?" I couldn't help but inquire of her, and she stared up at me. "No, I haven't seen the housekeeper!" she retorted. "I'm not accustomed to making complaints to servants."

"But the housekeeper has the regulation of the chambermaids in charge," I told her, as gently as I could.

"Well, the housekeeper doesn't attend to her duties, then," she came back at me, "and there ought to be somebody around here—firing me with her penetrating eye—to see that she does attend to her work."

"Perhaps, then," I suggested, "I might be well for you to make complaint at the office desk."

"What should I do that for?" she asked me, with every evidence of amusement in her expression. "Am I not making my complaint here to you?"

"But, madam, I simply couldn't help but say to her, 'I am not officially connected with the management of this hotel. I have no more to do with its supervision than you have. I live here because my husband is the manager of the house. But he considers my health too fragile to allow me to work around here in any capacity. Even if I were a robust woman I don't believe he would permit me to serve as an attaché of his house.'"

"She went out muttering something tart about the women of these days never helping their husbands, but sitting around holding their hands and reading novels, and she has been most distressingly austere toward me ever since."

"I was at dinner in the dining room the other evening when one of the new tabby guests, a woman whom I had only met once, left her table and came over to mine."

"Do you know," she asked me, most respectfully, "that the girl hasn't put any towels in my room yet to-day, and here it is six o'clock in the evening? I wish you would bring some towels up to my room or have somebody bring them," and then she flounced back to her own table, giving me no opportunity to tell her—as I certainly should have told her—that any time she ever found me running around a hotel hall with a pile of towels on my arm distributing them that time would be contemporaneous with the falling of two feet of purple snow in mid-July."

"And the worst of it is that every time I tell my husband how all the women in the house hold me personally accountable for everything that goes wrong in the hotel he only puckers up his lips and grins and then whistles the first few bars of that plaintive air, 'Somebody Has Got to Be the Patsy.'"

"I am at length ceasing to extract amusement from being the kiosk department of a large family hotel, and I know of one Washington hotel manager who is going to install his wife in some kind of a little establishment of her own next fall, even if it's only a little cottage, or have no peace of his life with the spouse of his boom!"—Washington Star.

BURDETTE ON THE SALOON

The Distinguished Humorous Expresses His Opinion of the Liquor Traffic.

Now what another man says somebody told him he heard I said, I stand ready to dispute on general principles. That isn't evidence in any court in the world. But let me say it myself, and I'll stand by it to the last comma and hyphen. Now hear me say it myself.

About the power of prohibitory laws to prohibit—the laws of the state against murder do not entirely prevent murder. But, nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing one murderer to every so many thousand persons, even on petition of a majority of the property owners in the block, that we may have all the murder that is desirable in the community under wise regulations, with a little income for the municipality. I believe in the absolute prohibition of murder.

The laws of the country prohibiting stealing do not entirely prevent stealing. Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high license system of stealing, provided that all theft shall be restricted to certain authorized thieves, who shall steal only between the hours of say six a. m. and 11:30 p. m., except Sunday, when no stealing shall be done except by stealth, entrance to be made in all cases on that day by the back door, and at the thief's risk. I believe in laws that absolutely forbid theft at any hour, on any day of the week.

And, on the same ground, and just as positively, do I believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And I never said that I didn't. And I did say that I did. And I do.

I do say that the best way to make a man a temperate man is to teach him not to drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten of sobriety. Your town is under no obligation to any saloon. All that it is, in respectability and permanent prosperity, it has grown to be without the assistance of the liquor traffic. You don't owe a dollar or a merchant or a resident, you don't owe one item of the attractiveness and popularity of your town to the redning and educating influence of a corner ginmill, with a group of sidewalk loafers.

It is deliberately claimed by some people who appear to be sane on other subjects, that to properly instruct a sober people in the ways of sobriety and to teach total abstinence the beauty and virtues of temperance, you must license the selling of liquor in the town.

The man who originated that idea ought to have it stuffed and exhibit it at the St. Louis exposition, and he should be leaped up beside it as a part of the exhibit. There was once a man who owned a parrot. It swore like a pirate. A neighbor owned a parrot that would not swear at all but habitually used only the most decorous language. "Let me have your parrot for a month," said the owner of the good bird; "I will keep them in the same room and mine will teach yours not to swear." The birds were caged side by side. And everybody who knew enough to know anything knows which parrot had his vocabulary enriched with new and startling words.

Keep your town clean from this evil. If men will violate the law in order to gratify evil habit and taste, don't try to cure the sin of law-breaking by enacting a law which it would be easy and wicked to obey.

As to prohibition in Pasadena, if any liquor man thinks there is big money and a safe thing in running a "blind pig" in Pasadena, let him come here and try it. If he has any love for his liberty and pocketbook, however, he will do well to consult the fellows who have tried it, if he can find them; we can't. They are in hiding somewhere out in the desert. "Running" a "joint" in Pasadena is like running a powder mill in a smelting furnace. It's mighty exciting while it lasts, but it doesn't last long enough to be profitable.

If the saloon men insist on quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it: I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming thing in all its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It degrades the Sabbath; it profanes the name of religion; it defies public order; it tramples under foot the tender feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a stain upon honesty, a blot upon purity; a clog upon progress; a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime. From such a hateful fountain head can there flow a clear stream? Can you name one good thing the saloon has ever done for humanity—one good thing—one instance in which it has brought forth fruits unto righteousness—one influence, sweet and healthful, and pure, gracious and beautiful which will linger lovingly in the memory of men, who have buried the rum power, to make them say, "God bless the saloon for the good it did!" Search through the history of this hateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with emblems of shame and stains of crime, and dark blots of disgrace. Men, are you going to stand for this thing? Are you going to vote for it? Are you going to put into office, in city or county, men who will be the tools of the saloon power? As you love the fair name of your city get together and make your lives and your united strength tell for all that is best and cleanest in good government.

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